

## THE BLACK ROBE.

By Wilkie Collins.

—AUTHOR OF—

"THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "THE MOON-STONE," "AFTER DARK," "NO NAME," "MAN AND WIFE," "THE LAW AND THE LADY," "THE NEW MAGDALEN," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER IV.—FATHER BENWELL HITS.

Art has its trials as well as its triumphs. It is powerless to assert itself against the sordid interests of every-day life. The greatest book ever written, the finest picture ever painted, appeals in vain to minds preoccupied by selfish and secret cares. On entering Lord Loring's gallery Father Benwell found but one person who was not looking at the pictures under false pretences. Innocent of all suspicion of the conflicting interests which struggle now centered in himself, Romayne was carefully studying the pictures which had been made the pretext for inviting him to the house. He had bowed to Stella, with a tranquil admiration of her beauty; he had shaken hands with Penrose, and had said some kind words to his future secretary—and then he had turned to the picture, as if Stella and Penrose had ceased from that moment to occupy his mind.

"In your place," he said, quietly, to Lord Loring, "I should not buy this work."

"Why not?"

"It seems to me to have the serious defect of the modern English school of painting. A total want of thought in the rendering of the subject, disguised under dexterous technical tricks of the brush. When you have seen one of that man's pictures, you have seen all. He manufactures—he doesn't paint."

Father Benwell came in while Romayne was speaking. He went through the ceremony of introduction to the master of Vange Abbey with perfect politeness, but a little absentminded. His mind was bent on putting his suspicion of Stella to the test of confirmation. Not waiting to be presented, he turned to her with the air of a fatherly interest, and chastened admiration which he well knew how to assume in his intercourse with her.

"May I ask, if you agree with Mr. Romayne's estimate of the picture," he said, in his gentlest tones.

She had heard of him and his position in the house. It was quite needless for Lady Loring to whisper to her, "Father Benwell, my dear!" Her antipathy identified him as readily as her sympathy might have identified a man who had produced a favorable impression on her. "I have no pretension to be a critic," she answered, with frigid politeness. "I only know what I personally like or dislike."

The reply exactly answered Father Benwell's purpose. It diverted Romayne's attention from the picture to Stella. The priest had secured his opportunity of reading their faces while they were looking at each other.

"I think you have just stated the true motive for all criticism," Romayne said to Stella. "Whether we only express our opinions of pictures or books in the course of conversation, or whether we assert them at full length, with all the authority of print, we are really speaking, in either case, of what personally pleases or repels us. My poor opinion of that picture means that it says nothing to me. Does it say anything to you?"

He smiled gently as he put the question to her; but there was no betrayal of emotion in his eyes or in his voice. Relieved of anxiety, so far as Romayne was concerned, Father Benwell looked at Stella.

Steadily as she controlled herself, the confession of her heart's secret found its way into her face. The coldly composed expression which had confronted the priest when she spoke to him melted away softly under the influence of Romayne's voice and Romayne's look. Without any positive change of color her delicate skin glowed faintly, as if it felt some animating inner warmth. Her eyes and lips brightened with a new vitality; her frail, elegant figure seemed to strengthen and expand, like the leaf of a flower under a favoring sunny air. When she answered Romayne (agreeing with him, it is needless to say) there was a tender persuasiveness in her tones, shyly inviting him still to speak to her and still to look at her, which would in itself have told Father Benwell the truth, even if he had not been in a position to see her face. Confirmed in his doubts of her he looked with concealed suspicion at Lady Loring next. Sympathy with Stella was undisputedly expressed to him in the honest blue eyes of Stella's faithful friend.

The discussion on the subject of the unfortunate picture was resumed by Lord Loring, who thought the opinions of Romayne and Stella needlessly severe. Lady Loring, as usual, agreed with her husband. While the general attention was occupied in this way, Father Benwell said a word to Penrose—thus far a silent listener to the discourse on art.

"Have you seen the famous portrait of the first Lady Loring, by Gainsborough?" he asked. Without waiting for a reply he took Penrose by the arm and led him away to the picture, which had the additional merit, under present circumstances, of hanging at the other end of the gallery.

"How do you like Romayne?" Father Benwell put the question in low peremptory tones, evidently impatient for a reply.

"He interests me already," said Penrose. "He looks so ill and so sad, and he spoke to me so kindly—"

"In short," Father Benwell interposed, "Romayne has produced a favorable impression on you. Let us get on to the next thing. You must produce a favorable impression on Romayne."

Penrose sighed.

"With the best will to make myself agreeable to people whom I like," he said, sadly, "I seldom succeed. They used to tell me at Oxford that I was shy—and I am afraid that is against me. I wish I possessed some of your social advantages, Father!"

"Leave it to me, son. Are they still talking about the picture?"

"Yes."

"I have something more to say to you. Have you noticed the young lady?"

"I thought her beautiful—but she looks a little cold."

Father Benwell smiled.

"When you are as old as I am," he said, "you will not believe in appearances where women are concerned. Do you know what I think of her? Beautiful if you like—and dangerous as well."

"Dangerous? In what way?"

"This is for your private ear, Arthur. She is in love with Romayne. Wait a minute. And Lady Loring—unless I am entirely mistaken in what I observed—knows it and favors it. The beautiful Stella may be the destruction of all our hopes, unless we keep Romayne out of her way."

These words were whispered with an earnestness and agitation which surprised Penrose. His superior's equanimity was not easily overthrown.

"Are you sure, Father, of what you say?" he asked.

"I am quite sure, or I would not have spoken."

"Do you think Mr. Romayne returns the feeling?"

"Not yet, I think. You must use your first friendly influence over him—what is her name? Her surname, I mean."

"Eyrecount. Miss Stella Eyrecount."

"Very well. You must use your influence (when you are quite sure that it is an influence) to keep Mr. Romayne away from Miss Eyrecount."

Penrose looked embarrassed.

"I am afraid I should scarcely know how to do that," he said. "But I should naturally, as his assistant, encourage him to keep to his studies."

Whatever Arthur's superior might privately think of Arthur's reply, he received it with outward indulgence. "That will come to the same thing," he said. "Besides, when I get the information I want—this is strictly between ourselves—I may be of some use in placing obstacles in the lady's way."

Penrose started. "Information?" he repeated. "What information?"

"Tell me something before I answer you," said Father Benwell. "How old do you take Miss Eyrecount to be?"

"I am not a good judge in such matters. Between twenty and twenty-five, perhaps?"

"We will take her age at that estimate, Arthur. In former years I have had opportunities of studying women's characters in the confessional. Can you guess what my experience tells me of Miss Eyrecount?"

"No, indeed!"

"A lady is not in love for the first time, when she is between twenty and twenty-five years old—that is my experience," said Father Benwell. "If I can find a person capable of informing me, I may make some valuable discoveries in the earlier history of Miss Eyrecount's life. No more, now. We had better return to our friends."

## CHAPTER V.—FATHER BENWELL MISSES.

The group before the picture which had been the subject of dispute was broken up. In one part of the gallery Lady Loring and Stella were whispering together on a sofa. In another part Lord Loring was speaking privately to Romayne.

"Do you think you will like Mr. Penrose?" his lordship asked.

"Yes—so far as I can tell at present. He seems to be modest and intelligent."

"You are looking ill, my dear Romayne. Have you again heard the voice that haunts you?"

Romayne answered with evident reluctance. "I don't know why," he said, "but the dread of hearing it again has oppressed me all this morning. To tell you the truth I came here in the hope that the change might relieve me."

"Has it done so?"

"Yes."

"Doesn't that suggest, my friend, that a greater change might be of use to you?"

"Don't ask me about it, Loring! I

can go through my ordeal—but I hate speaking of it."

"Let us speak of something else, then," said Lord Loring. "What do you think of Miss Eyrecount?"

"A very striking face; full of expression and character. Leonardo would have painted a noble portrait of her. But there is something in her manner—" He stopped, unwilling or unable to finish the sentence.

"Something you don't like?" Lord Loring suggested.

"No; something I don't quite understand. One doesn't expect to find any embarrassment in the manner of a well-bred woman. And yet she seemed to me embarrassed when she spoke to me. Perhaps I produced an unfortunate impression on her."

Lord Loring laughed.

"In any man but you, Romayne, I should call that affectation."

"Why?" Romayne asked, sharply.

Lord Loring looked unfeignedly surprised.

"My dear fellow, do you really think you are the sort of a man who impresses a woman unfavorably at first sight? For once in your life indulge in the amiable weakness of doing yourself justice, and find a better reason for Miss Eyrecount's embarrassment."

For the first time since he and his friend had been talking together Romayne turned toward Stella. He innocently caught her in the act of looking at him. A younger woman, or a woman of weaker character, would have looked away again. Stella's noble head dropped; her eyes sank slowly until they rested on her long white hands crossed upon her lap. For a moment more Romayne looked at her with steady attention. He roused himself, and spoke to Lord Loring in lowered tones.

"Have you known Miss Eyrecount for a long time?"

"She is my wife's oldest and dearest friend. I think, Romayne, you would feel interested in Stella, if you saw more of her."

Romayne bowed in silent submission to Lord Loring's prophetic remark.

"Let us look at the pictures," he said, quietly.

As he moved down the gallery the two priests met him. Father Benwell saw his opportunity of helping Penrose to produce a favorable impression.

"Forgive the curiosity of an old student, Mr. Romayne," he said, in his pleasant, cheerful way. "Lord Loring tells me you have sent to the country for your books. Do you find a London hotel favorable to study?"

"It is a very quiet hotel," Romayne answered; "and the people know my ways." He turned to Arthur. "I have my own set of rooms, Mr. Penrose, he continued, with a room at your disposal. The solitude of my house in the country is distasteful to me. There are times when I want to see the life in the streets as a relief. Though we are in a hotel, I can promise that you will not be troubled by interruptions, when you kindly lend me the use of your pen."

Father Benwell answered before Penrose could speak:

"You may perhaps find my young friend's memory of some use to you, Mr. Romayne, as well as his pen. Penrose has studied in the Vatican Library. If your reading leads you that way he knows more than most men of the rare old manuscripts which treat of the early history of Christianity."

This delicately-managed reference to Romayne's projected work on "The Origin of Religions" produced its effect. He became instantly interested in Penrose and his studies.

"I should like very much to speak to you about those manuscripts," he said. "Copies of some of them may, perhaps, be in the British Museum. Is it asking too much to inquire if you are disengaged this morning?"

"I am entirely at your service, Mr. Romayne."

"If you will kindly call at my hotel, in an hour's time, I shall have looked over my notes, and shall be ready for you with a list of titles and dates. There is the address."

With those words he advanced to take his leave of Lady Loring and Stella.

Father Benwell was a man possessed of extraordinary power of foresight—but he was not infallible. Seeing that Romayne was on the point of leaving the house, and feeling that he had paved the way successfully for Romayne's amusements, he too readily assumed that there was nothing further to be gained by remaining in the gallery. In arriving at this conclusion he was additionally influenced by private and personal considerations. The interval before Penrose called at the hotel might be usefully filled up by some wise words of advice, relating to the religious uses to which he might turn his intercourse with Romayne, when he had sufficiently established himself in the confidence of his employer. There might, no doubt, be future opportunities for accomplishing this object, but Father Benwell was not a man to trust too implicitly in the future. The present occasion was, in respect of its certainty the occasion that he preferred. Making one of his ready and plausible excuses, he returned with Penrose to the library, and so committed (as he himself discovered at a later time) one of the few mistakes in the long record of his life.

In the meanwhile Romayne was not permitted to bring his visit to a conclusion without hospitable remonstrance on the part of Lady Loring. She felt for Stella with a woman's enthusiastic devotion to the interest of true love; and she had firmly resolved that a matter so trifling as the cultivation of Romayne's mind should not be allowed to stand in the way of the far more important enterprise of opening his heart to the influence of the sex.

"Stay and lunch with us," she said, when he held out his hand to bid her good-bye.

"Thank you, Lady Loring, I never take lunch."

"Well, then, come and dine with us—no party; only ourselves. Tomorrow and next day we are disengaged. Which day shall it be?"

Romayne still resisted. "You are very kind. In my state of health I am unwilling to make engagements which I may not be able to keep."

Lady Loring was just as resolute on her side. She appealed to Stella. "Mr. Romayne persists, my dear, in putting me off with excuses. Try if you can persuade him."

"I am not likely to have any influence, Adelaide."

The tone in which she replied struck Romayne. He looked at her. Her eyes, gravely meeting his, held him with a strange fascination. She was not herself conscious how openly all that was noble and true in her nature, all that was most deeply and sensitively felt in her aspirations, spoke at that moment in her look. Romayne's face changed; he turned pale under the new emotion that he had roused in him. Lady Loring observed him attentively.

"Perhaps you underestimate your influence, Stella?" she suggested.

Stella remained impervious to persuasion. "I have only been introduced to Mr. Romayne half an hour since," she said. "I am not vain enough to suppose that I can produce a favorable impression on any one in so short a time."

She had expressed, in other words, Romayne's own idea of himself, in speaking of her to Lord Loring. He was struck by the coincidence.

"Perhaps we have begun, Miss Eyrecount, by misinterpreting one another," he said. "We may arrive at a better understanding when I have the honor of meeting you again."

He hesitated, and looked at Lady Loring. She was not the woman to let a fair opportunity escape her. "We will say to-morrow evening," she resumed, "at seven o'clock."

"To-morrow," said Romayne. He shook hands with Stella and left the picture-gallery.

Thus far the conspiracy to marry him promised even more hopefully than the conspiracy to convert him. And Father Benwell, carefully instructing Penrose in the next room, was not aware of it!

But the hours, in their progress, mark the march of events as surely as they mark the march of time. The day passed, the evening came—and with its coming the prospects of the conversion brightened in their turn.

Let Father Benwell himself relate how it happened, in an extract from his report to Rome, written the same evening:

"I had arranged with Penrose that he should call at my lodgings, and tell me how he had prospered at the first performance of his duties as secretary to Romayne."

"The moment he entered the room, the signs of disturbance in his face told me that something serious had happened. I asked directly if there had been any disagreement between Romayne and himself."

"He repeated the word with every appearance of surprise. 'Disagreement?' he said. 'No words can tell how sincerely I feel for Mr. Romayne, and how eager I am to be of service to him!'

"Relieved so far, I naturally asked what had happened. Penrose betrayed a marked embarrassment in answering my question."

"I have innocently surprised a secret," he said, "on which I had no right to intrude. All that I can honorably tell you shall be told. Add to your many kindnesses, Father, and don't command me to speak when it is my duty toward a sorely-tried man to be silent, even to you."

"It is needless to say that I abstained from directly answering the strange appeal. If I found it necessary to our interests to assert my spiritual authority, I was of course resolved to do it. 'Let me hear what you can tell,' I replied, 'and then we shall see.'"

"Upon this, he spoke. I need scarcely recall to your memory how careful we were, in first planning the attempt to recover the Vange property, to assure ourselves of the promise of success, which the peculiar character of the present owner held out to us. In reporting what Penrose said, I communicate a discovery which I venture to think will be as welcome to you as it was to me."

"He began by reminding me of what I had myself told him in speaking of Romayne. 'You mentioned having heard from Lord Loring of a great sorrow or remorse from which he was suffering,' Penrose said; 'and you added that your informant abstained from

mentioning what the nature of that remorse, or of the nervous malady connected with it, might be. I was told he suffers, and why he suffers, and with what noble resignation he submits to his affliction.'

"There Penrose stopped. You know the emotional nature of the man. It was only by a hard struggle with himself that he abstained from bursting into tears. I gave him time, and then I asked how he made the discovery."

"He hesitated, but he answered plainly, so far. 'We were sitting together at the table, looking over his notes and memoranda,' Penrose said, 'when he suddenly dropped the manuscript from which he was reading to me. A ghastly paleness overspread his face. He started up, and put both his hands to his ears as if he heard something dreadful, and was trying to deafen himself to it. I ran to the door to call for help. He stopped me; he spoke in faint, gasping tones, forbidding me to call any one in to witness what he suffered. It was not the first time, he said; it would soon be over. If I had not courage to remain with him I could go, and return when he was himself again. I so pitied him that I found the courage to remain. When it was over, he took me by the hand and thanked me. I had staid by him like a friend, he said, and like a friend he would treat me. Sooner or later (those were his exact words) I must be taken into his confidence, and it should be now. He told me his melancholy story. I implore you, Father, don't ask me to repeat it! Be content if I tell you the effect of it on myself. The one hope, the one consolation for him, is in our holy religion. With all my heart I devote myself to his conversion, and, in my inmost soul, I feel the conviction that I shall succeed!'

"To this effect, and in this tone, Penrose spoke. I abstained from pressing him to reveal Romayne's confession. The confession is of no consequence to us. You know how the moral force of Arthur's earnestness and enthusiasm fortifies his otherwise weak character. I, too, believe he will succeed."

"But, before I close these lines, there is a question which I must submit to your consideration."

"You are already informed that there is a woman in our way. She shall not succeed in her designs on Romayne if I can prevent it. But other women may try their temptations on him. Even the conversion, from which we hope and expect so much, cannot be relied on to secure the restitution of the Vange property. It is not enough for us that the property is not entailed, and that there is no real relation with any pretensions to inherit it. While Romayne remains a marriageable man there is always the danger of an heir to the estate being born. In my humble opinion, the one safe course is to impress his mind, by means of Penrose, as to cultivate in him a vocation for the priesthood. As a priest, we are sure of him. Be so good as to present this idea at headquarters, and let me know the result at the earliest possible opportunity."

Having completed his report Father Benwell reverted to the consideration of his proposed inquiries into the past history of Stella's life.

Reflection convinced him that it would be unwise to attempt, no matter how guardedly, to obtain the necessary information from Lord Loring or his wife. If he assumed, at his age, to take a strong interest in a young lady who had notoriously avoided him, they would certainly feel surprised, and surprise might, in due course of development, turn to suspicion.

There was but one other person under Lord Loring's roof to whom he could address himself, and that person was the housekeeper. As an old servant, possessing Lady Loring's confidence, she might prove a source of information; and she would feel flattered by the notice of the spiritual director of the household.

"It may not be amiss," thought Father Benwell, "if I try the housekeeper."

## THE NEW "AMUSEMENT."

Prize-fighting, which long ago fell into disrepute with all persons having any pretensions to respectability, crops up now and again under its modern title of a "glorious contest." Recently one of these respectable affairs took place near Birmingham, and owing to a report having been circulated that the battle would be fought with bare fists it is said that for days prior to the event the "sporting public" were besieged by persons anxious to learn the locale of the fight. The secret, however, although well kept, became known to the authorities, and after the men had fought twelve rounds the police interfered, and boxers and spectators adjourned to a place some miles away. Here another interruption occurred, and a third attempt to continue the contest proved a failure. This activity of the police in suppressing this offensive exhibition is most praiseworthy, for the modern gloves fight, if not quite so brutal, has all the revivifying encouragement of the old prize-fight.—*London Society.*

## HOUSEKEEPER'S HELP.

Fried oysters: Dip each oyster in beaten egg, then in rolled crackers or corn meal and fry quickly in hot butter or lard.

Found oyster shells scattered around the shelves in pantries, will, it is said, exterminate roaches, as they will not cross them.

Puffs: Two eggs, two cups of milk, two cups of flour and a little salt. Pour into hot roll pans, and bake in a quick oven. Fill the pans half full.

Lemon flap jacks: One pint of milk, four eggs, juice of one lemon, flour to make a light batter, pinch of soda. Fry in hot lard. Serve with sugar and nutmeg.

Fried milk toast: Dip slices of bread in milk, wetting both sides; have some butter in a hot frying pan and fry the bread a delicate brown. Will relish for tea.

Cocoanut cookies: Two cups sugar, one cup butter, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a teaspoonful of milk, one cocoanut and flour enough to roll.

French loaf cake: Two cups sugar, half cup butter, half cup of sweet milk, teaspoonful of soda, two of cream tartar, three eggs, three cups flour; flavor with lemon.

Potato puffs: Two cups of cold, mashed potatoes; stir into this one tablespoonful of melted butter, two well beaten eggs, and one cup of milk or cream. Pour into a deep dish, and bake in a quick oven.

Cider cake: One cup of sugar, half cup of butter, one egg, well beaten, one large cup of cider, one teaspoonful of soda, flour sufficient to make it as thick as pound cake. One cup of raisins can be added if desired.

Layer cream cake: Three eggs, one cup white sugar, four tablespoonfuls cold water, one teaspoon of cream, two spoonfuls of baking powder, half cup flour; for the cream—half cup of cream beaten to stiff froth; add a little sugar; flavor to taste.

Fried apples: Quarter tart apples without peeling; have some nice salt pork fryings, or butter if preferred, and lay the apples close together, skin side down; cover till well steamed; then uncover and brown both sides, turning and watching closely to prevent burning.

French fish stew: Take one onion, cut very fine; have lard quite hot in a good sized stew-pan; drop the onion in and let it fry brown; add two tablespoonfuls of flour; as soon as it is brown pour in boiling water. Season the gravy with salt, black and red pepper and a piece of garlic. Have a good-sized fish cut in half, put it in the stew-pan, having enough gravy to cover it. Let it cook slowly, merely simmering, and keep well covered. When the fish is most done add a tumblerful of claret wine and a winglessful of Madeira. Do not stir it—just shake until it mixes; let simmer a few minutes and it is ready to serve. Take the fish up as wholes as possible and put on dish. Pour gravy over it and garnish with thin slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley and celery.

Florentine pudding: Prepare a pound of sponge-cake, made in the following proportions: One pound of sugar, one pound of eggs, weighed in the shell, and nine ounces of flour. Flavor with the juice and rind of a lemon. Bake in tin pie-plates. The cakes should be about one inch thick after it is risen. Boil one quart of fresh milk. Beat the yolks of four eggs with four tablespoonfuls of sugar. When the milk has boiled up one ounce, pour it boiling upon the beaten eggs, stirring rapidly all the time. When well mixed return to the fire. Of three light table-spoonfuls of corn starch make a paste with a little cold milk, which, stir immediately into the custard on the fire. Let it cook until well thickened, stirring all the while. Take off the fire and flavor, while hot, with a teaspoonful of vanilla. Put a layer of this custard between two of the cakes. Make a chocolate icing for them of three table-spoonfuls of chocolate, six table-spoonfuls of white sugar, two table-spoonfuls of sweet cream, and a very small piece of butter—say a half-ounce. Let this icing simmer over the fire for a few minutes, when it can be immediately applied to the puddings. Sprinkle granulated sugar over the tops while hot. One pound of cake ought to make six ordinary pie-plates full—enough, that is to say, for three puddings, the thickness never being more than two cakes. This recipe is new, and particularly recommended. It is preferred by some persons to Charlotte-Russe.

## WANTED A PAID DIVISION.

At this season, when benevolence is nobly exerted that some sham philanthropists are heard to whisper that the poor should pray for blessings to be further showered on the rich, we never hear one of these beings indulge in their inanities without thinking of an incident which took place before the battle of Trafalgar, and which is too good to sink into obscurity. The first lieutenant of the Revenge was going round the ship to see that all hands were at quarters, as the British vessels were bearing down to attack the combined fleet, when he observed a man kneeling at the side of his gun. Surprised and curious, he asked the man if he was afraid. "Afraid!" answered Jack, with disdain. "No! I was only praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as prize-money—the greatest part among the officers."

## A PARADISE FOR TRAMPS.

It is most astonishing how some of the Burmans live. There are men who have never done a stroke of work in their lives, and yet they go about in silks, and are as well set up as if they had a fixed income.

Such a thing as a starving man is unknown in the country. Charity is a leading doctrine of the Buddhist faith, and people are generous to a fault. If a man cannot get dinner any where else, he has only to turn into the first monastery, and he will have enough and to spare, and not a question or a penny will be asked. Deserters from British regiments, and sailors who have left their ships, and the miscellaneous class of leading blackguards who are a disgrace to the British name in the East, are never in want of a meal in the smallest Burmese village, and might stay for years without ever being asked to do a hand's turn for their maintenance, as long as they do not get drunk and uproarious, which, as a matter of fact, they always do. Nevertheless, however badly his predecessor may have conducted himself, the loafer always meets with unfeigned kindness, even though he asks for money, as some of them, lost to all sense of decency, are not ashamed to do.

But money very few Burmans have. When a man makes a haul with a lucky contract, or judicious paddy speculation, he forthwith gets rid of his fortune. If it is a large sum, he probably builds a pagoda, or a zayat or tawzong, a resting house or an image house. If he cannot aspire to gaining so much merit towards a future existence, he gets an image of brass or marble, and dedicates it with much solemnity and extensive feasting, or he gives promiscuous alms, and announces it all over the country side, in each instance disposing of what coin may remain by engaging a troop of actors and giving a Pua! Then he is penniless and happy again. It is this sort of thing which promotes the friendly intercourse between all ranks and obliterates class distinctions. They have entirely avoided the curse of Adam, and so want the necessity of earning bread with the sweat of their brow. What puzzles them most is the consideration how they can get the greatest possible amount of enjoyment with the least possible trouble. They can always muster a good dress. Even those inexplicable people who never do anything come to you in a fine silk putose, the national petticoat-like waistcloth, and assure you, with woe-begone visage, that they are in the most heartrending depths of poverty.

—*Corradini Magazine.*

THE MORE we can improve the houses of the very poor, and thus improve the sanitary conditions under which they live, the more shall we lessen the amount of destitution among us. This is plain. Sickness and death are among the prime causes of poverty. The taking off of the bread-winner of the family in many cases means utter and hopeless poverty. The drain from sickness, both on health and pocket, is a serious loss to all classes, but to the very poor it often means the loss of everything. And these contingencies of sickness and death are largely aggravated by the conditions of tenement life, as we have seen from the registry of vital statistics. While we can have only words of commendation for those noble organized charities for ameliorating the condition of the poor by a present relief in the matters of food, clothing and money, any improvement in this direction, to be more than temporary, must be by improving the sanitary state of their homes through sanitary regulations requiring a sufficient amount of light and ventilation in all such dwellings, and then, further, by personal influence and simple instruction, enlightening the occupants of these houses how to live decently and in conformity to the laws of health.

The cry of poverty in our midst is a cry both to God and to man for help. We cannot ignore it, if we would be worthy of our divine origin, for it is the cry of our brother—also! Often the bitter wail of our sister. It is an appeal to every man who loves his own life, who loves his family, and who would retain the wealth he has accumulated. It is something that appeals directly to every man's personal interest in all its best and highest forms, for through the promotion of sanitary improvement, and the prevention thereby of popular diseases, he will maintain his own peace and security and the safety and well-being of his family.

THE NEW "AMUSEMENT."

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# **GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.**

Fifty-First Year.

ANOTHER NEW DEPARTMENT.

A COMPLETE NOVEL IN EVERY NUMBER. Believing that the reading public are growing daily more discriminating in taste, and that they prefer a story which is complete in itself, we have determined during 1881, to give no continued stories, but instead to give a COMPLETE NOVEL in every number. To this end we have engaged a number of good writers to prepare such stories as will prove intensely interesting to our readers. We do not intend to sacrifice any, but

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Our organs are all made from Solid Black Walnut, and other woods as may be desired, and thoroughly seasoned, and will stand any test that wood is capable of. In the construction of these organs we use nothing but the very best materials obtainable.

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**SATURDAY, JAN. 22, 1881.**

## **NEWS FROM OUR NEIGHBORS.**

**WARRREN.**

The roads in this vicinity have been badly drifted of late.

Farmers are very busy getting up their year's stock of wood, which is a good thing.

A number of people have been very sick in different parts of the town, but are better now.

Snow is getting to be very deep, some three feet on a level and still continues to fall.

A young lady and gentleman now living in the eastern part of Orford started for the adjoining town of Westworth last Saturday to do some traveling and make a few calls, with the expectation of having a long and pleasant ride, the distance being some seven miles. So at an early hour a team was put in readiness and the young couple started on their journey.

As they were proceeding along the road, which was partly visible on account of the large drifts and blinding squalls of snow, and they were very much alarmed when they were compelled to stop and return home. On their return they were tipped into the snow as many times as they cared to be, but finally reached home all right. They propose to make another attempt ere long and keep in the road, if possible, right side up.

**Bos.**

Singing school was well attended last Monday evening.

Last Saturday evening a large number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Tracy were invited to their house to a social gathering. While Mr. Tracy was making the candy the company enjoyed themselves in dancing and social games in the large dining hall. Music was furnished by Messrs. Merrill and White. Mr. Tracy and his family have been very much pleased with the company.

The committee chosen for getting up the Ladies' Entertainment in two weeks are Mrs. C. W. Dockrill and Miss Menta Gale. A good time is anticipated.

The Ladies' Library association met last week with Mrs. L. H. Merrill as president and chose the following officers for the ensuing year: Mrs. D. L. Stetson, president; Mrs. D. A. French, vice-president; Mrs. James Bixby, secretary; Mrs. L. D. Moulton, treasurer and librarian. The library has held a sale of books and papers all day in a week and the librarian receiving pay for services, but Mrs. Moulton offered to take the library and open it on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons free. By so doing, many new books could be bought. Consequently the library has been moved to Mrs. Moulton's.

Dr. Toby, from Bradford, Vt., has moved into town. He comes highly recommended and boards at Mr. French's.

On Tuesday evening as a Mr. Wright called for the doctor, he left his horse for a few moments and some boys were coming in the street who were quite noisy, which caused Mr. French's dog to bark. Mr. Wright's horse became frightened and ran, but luckily no serious damage was done. Boys often forget and are altogether too noisy in the streets.

**A.**

The hauling of cord wood and lumber gives the village a busy aspect.

The Ladies' sociable met at the Town Hall on Wednesday evening. Miss Cora Willey and Miss Bethia Sinclair favored the audience. The little favorite and Miss Pearl Bracy gave recitations. Cream candy of superior quality made by Capt. Andrew Bracy, now the proprietor of the Mooslaunk House, together with ice cream were for sale during the evening. Next sociable Mr. Bracy will exhibit to the audience the entire process of manufacturing candy.

The singing school taught by our deservingly popular teacher, Prof. French, was very largely attended, and the pupils are making satisfactory progress.

On the 24 inst., about 50 of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. John Davis surprised them by filling up their rooms during their absence and then sending for them to come home to meet the company who had come to help them celebrate the 10th anniversary of their marriage. Mr. Davis and Miss Mame were each presented with an anniversary card. On behalf of the company the Rev. C. W. Dockrill in a few well-chosen words, presented them with a silver mounted pickle dish and a dozen silver plated knives. Mrs. Arthur Knapp gave a half-dozen silver knives. Mrs. D. Y. Eastman gave Mr. Davis a pair of colossal tin mounted spectacles. The last presentation produced a vast amount of amusement.

**VERITAS.**

**WOODSTOCK.**

Mrs. Russell Dearborn who has been very sick with pneumonia is recovering.

Mr. E. L. Dearborn who's working at Concord, Vt., was at home on a visit one day last week.

Mr. Benjamin Merrill, of this town met with a severe cold, which he caught at work for D. F. Richardson in Benton. Mr. Merrill was assisting in now bathing some ill boys which were not so much dry, when the heated competition coming in contact with the water caused an explosion, throwing part of the melted liquid into Mr. Merrill's face, a large piece striking him in the eye, lodging there and it is feared that the eye will be so badly cut before it could be removed.

# **CAMPION.**

The announcement of the demise of Luther Osgood, which occurred Sunday last at about 8 o'clock p. m., will not be unexpected to the readers of this paper. From his first attack the last of September his attending physician considered his case a critical one. After a few visits Dr. Smith desired counsel, whereupon Dr. W. Davis, of Plymouth, was called. The disease proved to be what these eminent physicians feared it would be, the softening of the brain. Mr. Osgood's sufferings at times were intense. Although much of the time apparently unconscious, his brain was so seriously affected as to produce insanity. A good neighbor and worthy workman has fallen a victim of the grim messenger, "Death."

He was a native of Sanborn and with his wife came into this town in 1857. He purchased the farm in East Campion known as the Daniel James place where they lived together until the death of Mrs. Osgood about 18 years ago. They had two children, Oscar and Clara. The son was an able young man, who, after his departure to California where he was drowned some 18 years since, had won many friends. The daughter, now the wife of Walter H. Dow resided with her father upon the homestead, rendering him faithful and unremitted aid until after the marriage of her son to his second wife, who survives him, some three and one-half years ago. Mr. O. represented this town in the legislature about 30 years ago. He was an ardent supporter of the dominant political parties, rigidly adhering to his opinions, which he could not honestly entertain upon questions of vital importance. His age was about 71 years. Funeral services were held at 10 p. m. in the Congregational church, conducted by Rev. Quincy Blakey, assisted by Rev. J. B. Hadley. A large circle of relatives and friends were in attendance to signify their respect for the departed. Warren Danson superintended the embalming and the remains were deposited in the receiving tomb at the new cemetery, near Mr. Osgood's residence. Mr. Keniston, Henry H. Southwold, Olaus M. Page and Nicholas Brown were the pall bearers.

The annual visit at the Congregational parsonage last week was a success, as about 100 persons were present. Quite a quantity of the necessities of life and \$42 of the needed were left by the visitors for the benefit of the minister and family. "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

Rev. Geo. H. Scott preached in Mr. Blakey's desk Sunday, Jan. 9th, in exchange.

John C. Burbank has slaughtered 20 beavers and 35 swine this season. Now let Sam, of Plymouth trot out his figures.

Daniel Brown is quite sick with pneumonia. Widow J. Gilman and the wife of David Thornton are also quite sick.

**Bos.**

At the dance the other night at the Village, the editor of a Democratic paper in the vicinity of Plymouth assumed a reclining position upon the floor with a terrific concussion that has not yet entirely subsided. There are several towns to hear from.

Mrs. Isaac McCausland who has been very sick with diphtheria is better now. Miss Nellie, her daughter has taken care of her and done all the work, being a very smart capable girl.

**XXX.**

## **RUMNEY.**

Alfred Bailey, of New York city is visiting at his father's, Rev. C. F. Bailey.

The village school, Miss C. J. Hunkley, teacher is having a vacation of one week.

Miss Belle Doe has returned to town after an absence of several weeks.

The tide seems to be setting in now toward the flourishing order of Sons of Temperance in Rumney. The last week about eight new members and still the number is rising.

Charles Emerson was the victim last week of what almost proved a very serious accident. He was struck by a falling tree which slid towards him with great force, causing him against an immovable object, in which position he was obliged to remain until the tree was cut away by O. W. Stevens who was with him. The injuries received were not serious, however.

During the week another wood chaser was struck in the face by a falling tree, causing a severe abrasion. In each case just a little more of the same thing, and a fatal termination would have been the inevitable result.

Who will be the first to try and improve, to present some simple invention to lessen the danger attendant upon felling trees? A princely fortune awaits him. **WENDELL.**

## **ASHLAND.**

Mr. George Gay, from Portland attended services at the Free Baptist church last Sabbath, after which he took a team and went to Plymouth. Rev. Mr. Dudley supplied the pulpit. Mr. Gay went to Manchester to attend an Odd Fellows' meeting on Thursday last week.

A notorious rum pump from Grove Hollow, Plymouth, in paying his visit here at the Ashland Mills boarding house, caused a disgraceful row between a mill employee and a man from Littleton. When Major Farr was solicitor for this county we had some one to look after such men and matters; since then things have taken on their own course.

Some very malicious person or persons have been exercising their full extent of cunningness by poisoning dogs. The good, old, faithful watch dog and the postiferous one have been dealt with alike. So it seems to be of pure and unalloyed meanness and not individual spite or revenge. Several of the well-to-do citizens have offered a liberal reward for the detection of any party that could be so contemptibly low and baseborn and they will be rewarded with a good dose of law.

Prof. J. M. Chapman gave his lecture here the 19th, at the Town Hall.

## **BRIDGEWATER.**

Grant Spiller had the misfortune to freeze all of his toes on one foot and two or three on the other while walking from Franklin to his home in the place, arriving about half past one in the night.

Mrs. Martha Morrill, aged 84 years while on her way to visit Mr. and Mrs. Boardman, was tipped from the sleigh and dislocated her wrist. It was slipped back by Mr. Boardman and is now doing well.

Lucenna met according to adjournment, G. Fletcher, president; F. Small, secretary. Question for discussion was: Resolved, That there is more pleasure in anticipation, than in realization. Disputants, F. A. Upham, V. Dalton, affirmative; C. Barnard, F. A. Dalton, negative. Decided in the negative. Adjourned to meet Jan. 21st.

## **LACONIA.**

On Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock thirteen comrades of Perley Post, G. A. R. of Laconia, chartered the "M. Belknap," and with Geo. H. Everett as driver went to Alton Corner to attend the installing of the Officers of Savage Post, No. 49, of that place. Although the boys felt the cold some of the journey was accomplished in four hours, a distance of twenty miles. They were hospitably received by Major Savage. Nothing was wanting to make their visit an enjoyable occasion. After supper they repaired to the Town Hall, where Comrade Henry L. Wilkinson acting as instaler, officer installed the following officers for the ensuing year.

Com. Geo. D. Savage; S. V. Com., C. P. Ham; J. V. Com., J. L. Gerrish; Adj., S. E. Jones; Surg., J. O. Ayers; Q. M., O. C. Coffin; Chap., J. L. Piper; O. D., S. E. Fittald; O. G., J. P. Miller; Sergt. Major, A. J. Gilman; Q. M. S., R. Yeaton.

After the installation the comrades retired to their hall and indulged in jests, stories, songs and speeches. Some of the songs and songs were A. L. Hollister, Rev. Geo. W. Pierce, Dr. D. C. Nelson, Major Savage, Geo. H. Everett, H. L. Wilkinson, Wm. A. Constantine and Geo. A. Olmstead. At the close of these exercises they repaired to the hotel where an oyster supper was in waiting. This was between one and two o'clock in the morning. Comrade Jackson Lawrence was made night clerk and performed that duty to perfection. They returned to Laconia Sunday at two p. m.

A traveling show company, calling themselves Madame Rose's Female Minstrels, held forth at Folson's Hall on Thursday evening of last week, and advertised the price of admission 25 and 35 cents; but on seeing a great crowd come out the price at 50 cents and it was up a large family of entertainment. The town fathers after seeing the grab game put \$10.00 more on the license, it is said.

Jordan's Novelty Troupe gave an entertainment at Folson's Hall last Saturday evening. It is reported to be a first class show, for they do not advertise one thing and do another.

D. D. Bea is very sick and cannot stand it long. Consumption. Horace Moulton is also very low with the same.

## **THORNTON.**

Mr. William Willey of Mill Brook, died Wednesday Jan. 19. He had been sick many months and was a great sufferer. Mr. Willey was an old citizen, has been a good neighbor, kind and accommodating, has hard working man and has brought up a large family of children who have done all that could be done to alleviate the sufferings of their father, and make him comfortable during his illness. Mrs. Willey and Fred are quite unwell.

The lumbering business is good, plenty of snow.

The camp that was to have been finished by July 4, is already completed and occupied by the choppers.

J. W. Morrison & Son are having a brick tract in their new store. They are well adapted to their business, pleasing in their manners, and in dealing with customers. They are a very desirable trait in a merchant, and he who lacks in this respect will receive patronage, only from those who are obliged from policy or some other motive to patronize him. We are happy to hear that Mr. Morrison has a large bump of this desirable virtue.

Politics and societies for the improvement of the mind are very quiet. The latter painfully so.

We beg leave to correct the item from Thornton, in the last Journal. It was not a meeting of the Christian League, but of the Christian Society, presided at moderator, but no meeting of the pew holders of the Thornton Union meeting house.

## **DORCHESTER.**

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Woodward are now visiting friends in Vermont.

Lumbering is now going on briskly though the snow is three feet deep in the woods.

There are a number of our people sick with the measles.

Mary C. Clement's school of 12 weeks closed.

Mr. Hardy has made a plant that has grown 6 inches in height during the last 24 hours; also green pea vines 13 inches high, and the thermometer nearly at zero.

George J. Seaman has moved to Groton.

Mrs. Achsa Reed is very sick.

A. Hardy employs three choppers preparing lumber for the new mill.

Our mails are not on time of late owing to bad travelling.

Birds are quite plenty.

**TABITHA ANN.**

**LINCOLN.**

The roads are very bad since the last snow storm.

We understand that William Pollard has turned off one of his teams.

Geo. L. Boyce has a pair of the best working horses (of their size) in town.

Lincoln can still boast over the town of Franconia, in one respect at least, it can boast of the finest snow and we expect as much more soon.

**THUNDERBOLT.**

**WEST RUMNEY.**

There is nothing new here.

Plenty of snow for lumbering.

We are having a cold with the measles and there appears enough to go around.

The Dramatic club are rehearsing a new piece.

There is not much attention paid to the local option law. If some parts of it were not so arbitrary it could be more easily enforced.

**BENTON.**

The citizens of this town were severely shocked by a terrible accident which occurred to George H. Snow while at work in D. F. Richardson's saw mill. Mr. Snow, who was a board sawyer was the one who was killed. He was caught in the saw while he was in motion caught his sleeve, drawing his arm upon the saw, cutting it off between the shoulder and the arm, and all the fingers from the hand. His arm which was severed from his body, he held in two parts. His body presented a horrible and thrilling scene. Mr. Snow was a young man well known in this section and was recognized as a good citizen, a hospitable neighbor, a straight forward, honest man. He leaves a wife and four children to lament his loss. Sincere thanks are rendered to Mr. Richardson and others for the assistance and sympathy so kindly bestowed upon the bereaved family.

**C. A. B.**

# **THIRD WEEK OF O'SHEA BROS.**

CLOSING OUT SALE.

—00—

**STARTLING**

**QUOTATIONS.**

—00—

**Saturday Morning, Jan. 22**

**WILL BE OPENED:**

2 Bales of the well known Nashua R. Sheeting, at 7 1-4c per yard, worth at least 9c per yard at retail.

—00—

25 doz. Ladies' White Muslin Neck Ties, with beautifully embroidered ends at 10c each, worth 30c.

—00—

10 doz. Ladies' 3-Button Kid Gloves, in opera colors only; size from 6 to 7 inclusive, 25c per pair, worth 75c.

—00—

4 Cases of Men's Woonsocket Pure Gum Rubber Boots, warranted first quality, all sizes from 6 to 11, at \$3.20 per pair, sold elsewhere from \$3.50 to \$4.50 per pair.

—00—

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**MENDELSSOHN PIANO CO.,**

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